

# MARY HARTMAN MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE AIR #187

A  
T.A.T. COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY  
PRODUCTION

FINAL DRAFT  
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY . . . . .	LOUISE LASSER
TOM . . . . .	GREG MULLAVEY
MARTHA . . . . .	DODY GOODMAN
GRANDPA . . . . .	VICTOR KILIAN
DET. H.V. JOHNSON . . . . .	RON FEINBERG
MERLE JEETER . . . . .	DABNEY COLEMAN
MRS. DELOREAN (AS BIG HONEY) . . . . .	IRIS KORN
HAROLD CLEMENS . . . . .	ARCHIE HAHN
OAKA MAC (A NIGHT CLERK) . . . . .	
A PHOTOGRAPHER . . . . .	
CLETE MEIZENHEIMER . . . . .	MICHAEL LEMBECK

SETS

<u>ACT I: SCENE 1</u> (page 1)	MORTUARY FRONT DESK SAME NIGHT AS #192 (VTR #193, ACT I, SC. I) <hr/> (Merle and Oaka Mac)
<u>ACT I: SCENE 2</u> (page 6)	BACK ROOM MORTUARY, CONTINUOUS, NIGHT (VTR #193, ACT 2, SC. 2) <hr/> (Merle and Big Honey)
<u>ACT II</u> (page 7)	<u>SAME, CONTINUOUS (VTR #193, ACT II)</u> (Merle and Big Honey)
<u>ACT III</u> (page 11)	<u>SAME, CONTINUOUS (VTR #193, ACT III)</u> (Merle, Big Honey, Grandpa, Tom, Mary, H.V. Johnson, Harold Clemens, Photographer)
<u>ACT IV</u> (page 17)	POLICE STATION - LATER (VTR #193, ACT IV) <hr/> (Merle, Tom, H.V., Clete, Martha)



ACT ONESCENE 1MORTUARY, SAME NIGHT AS #192

THE NIGHT CLERK (OAKA MAC) IS ON DUTY AT THE DESK. MERLE JEETER ENTERS IN AN OVER-COAT AND A MUFFLER OVER HIS PAJAMAS. HE LOOKS AROUND PUZZLED... A LITTLE BEWILDERED AT WHERE THE SOUND OF BIG HONEY'S VOICE HAS TAKEN HIM.

MERLE

Uh -- excuse me.

MAC

Yeah?

MERLE

I -- uh -- I believe I have an appointment here.

MAC

Come to see a loved one?

MERLE

(QUICKLY No. (BEAT) What I mean is --  
in a way I come to see a loved one.  
Then again, I'm sure I'm not meaning  
what you're meaning.

MAC

(CAREFULLY) This is a mortuary, you know, buddy. Not a social club.

MERLE

So I noticed. Well now, this may sound a little peculiar, but I made friends with a woman over the radio. A friendly woman with one of them -- well, husky voices. She gave me this address. On the CB her code is Big Honey.

MAC

(BIG HONEY BEING THE PASS-WORD) "Big Honey!" Oh well, that's different.

MERLE

(LOOKING ABOUT) Perhaps you can tell me something. You look like a man of the world. (MAC IS ANYTHING BUT A MAN OF THE WORLD) What's someone like Big Honey doing in a mortuary?

MAC

(CONFIDENTIALLY) Well, you see here we got loved ones... and ones to be loved. (HE WINKS)



MERLE

The picture ain't all that clear to me, but I do hear you talking. Anyway, like I said I have an appointment with Big Honey.

MAC

You have an appointment with Big Honey herself?

MERLE

That's right, Mac. Now just tell me where she is -- and you can get on with whatever you do.

MAC

I dunno -- this is a new one on me, Mister.

MERLE

How's that?

MAC

I never heard of Big Honey seeing anyone herself personally. That's one of the house-rules around here.

MERLE

Well, it's a rule that's about to be broken -- because I just talked with Big Honey personally.

MAC

Can't prove it by me, Mister. (HE CHECKS HIS LIST) Look, we have a real good group back there. I'm sure one of them will do a gentleman like you very nicely. There's Rita, or Lana, or Ava, or...

MERLE

Rita, Lana or Ava? What are you running here, a movie house?

MAC

No, you're at the right kind of house all right. The girls just take them names because they keep such late hours and they watch a lot of old movies on the Late, Late Show.

MERLE

(CATCHING ON NOW) Wait up a minute here. I guess I been kind of puny in the head. I come here to see a woman named Big Honey. Are you trying to tell me -- that you're running a brothel in a funeral home?



MAC

Where is it written that a home can't be a house? Look, pal, which one will it be? Any of the names get to you?

MERLE

Just one. Big Honey.

MAC

I thought we been all through that. Big Honey don't see Johns. Big Honey runs this show!

MERLE

(QUIETLY ENRAGED) My name ain't John, and I ain't settling for less than I come here for. If she's the one who runs the show, so be it. Now you just tell Big Honey that Numero Uno has a-rrived.

MAC

Okay, okay. Just don't get your dander up.

MERLE

What I do with my dander is my own damned business. Let's get this show on the road, Mac.

MAC

Right away. (HE PICKS UP THE PHONE)  
Hello? Big Honey? Say, I got a john  
out here. (REACTS TO A SHARP LOOK  
FROM MERLE) Whose name ain't John and  
he says he's fixed up something with  
you personally. (TURNS TO MERLE) What  
did you say your name was again, buddy?

MERLE

Let me have that. (TAKES THE PHONE,  
COMPOSES HIMSELF) Hello there. Big Honey?  
(LISTENS A BEAT AND PRACTICALLY SHUDDERS)  
Damn, woman, that voice of yours sends  
tingles up my spine enough to start a  
forest fire. (WHISPERS SEXILY) This is  
Numero Uno. Listen. I was real sorry  
you couldn't make it to my wedding this  
afternoon... but if I could see you now...  
No, no, no, I heard about Rita, Ava  
and Lana... But look now, Big Honey,  
I didn't come here for any reason  
but to make your personal acquaintance.  
Now I'd appreciate it -- and I think  
you might, too, once you come to know  
me -- if you'd make an exception, just  
this once.

(MORE)



MERLE (CONT'D)

(BEAMS AS HE LISTENS. SMILES BROADLY)

Fine. I'll be right there. (HANDS  
PHONE TO MAC) She wants to talk to  
you.

MAC

(INTO PHONE) Yeah. You sure? Okay,  
you're the boss. (HANGS UP) All right,  
pal -- right through that door and  
enjoy yourself.

MERLE

If there's one thing I know -- it's  
that there ain't no way I can help  
but enjoy myself with the woman  
that's hooked up to that voice!

HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR AND ENTERS.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE IIBACK ROOM OF MORTUARY, CONTINUOUS, NIGHT

AS MERLE ENTERS IN THE DIMLY LIT ROOM  
AND SEES AN INDISTINCT, SHADOWY BIG  
HONEY AT THE MIKE OF HER CB.

BIG HONEY

(ONE WAY INTO MIKE) Hey there, Gypsy.  
You'll never make it to Sin City. Why  
don't you set that Detroit Firebird of  
yours down here in Fernwood and have  
yourself one of our fine frilly blouses  
for just a couple of green-backs. We've  
got the best beaver in the whole Buckeye  
State, good buddy. Would Big Honey  
lie to you? Atta, boy. Lay an eye on  
you later. Adios. (SIGNS OFF. TURNS  
TOWARD MERLE) That you, Numero Uno?  
C'mon in.

MERLE

I'm coming, Big Honey. I'm...



AS MERLE NEARS HER, BIG HONEY TURNS  
A LITTLE FURTHER INTO THE LIGHT --  
AND REVEALS HERSELF AT LONG LAST.  
IT'S SULTRY, SEXY... MRS. DELOREAN.  
MERLE IS SPEECHLESS. MRS. DELOREAN  
TAKES OFF HER PRISSY GLASSES AND  
SMILES HER SMILE.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOTHE SAME, CONTINUOUS

MERLE

Mrs. Delorean! So you're Big  
Honey.

MRS. DELOREAN SOUNDS EXACTLY LIKE  
MRS. DELOREAN THE LIBRARIAN, EXCEPT  
WHEN SHE IS TALKING IN THE BIG HONEY  
CHARACTER ON CB. NOW, AS SHE TALKS  
TO MERLE SHE PUTS ON HER GLASSES AND  
SOUNDS FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE SHE IS  
BACK AT THE LIBRARY.

DELOREAN

And you are Numero Uno.

MERLE

Damn! I just can't get over it.

Mrs. Delorean, the simple little  
librarian, is Big Honey.

DELOREAN

Of course, there's another way to  
look at it. Big Honey is Mrs. Delorean,  
the simple little librarian. Also, a  
part-time motel clerk, at the Bide-a-Wee  
Motel.

MERLE

(TICKLED PINK) My, oh my, ain't this world full of surprises! How'd you like the wedding?

DELOREAN

I adored it. Of course, I adore all weddings. I'm really a romantic at heart. I cry a lot during April and May when the newspapers advertise all those engagement rings.

MERLE

Look, I know it's kind of corny to ask -- but how did a classy, kind of demure --

DELOREAN

(HELPING HIM) Very prissy --

MERLE

Yeah, well that, too. How did a delicate lady like you get into this kind of -- uh -- business?

DELOREAN

You mean being a madam? Well, you see, working as a librarian doesn't pay much as I'm sure you must know. Clerking in a motel doesn't pay that much better. But between the two jobs, you can tell a lot about people. I learned a lot about the ladies of Fernwood from the books they took out.

(MORE)



## DELOREAN (CONT'D)

And even more about them from visits they paid the Bide-a-Wee. Then came the onset of Citizens' Band radio. Well, putting all three things together, and being a person who, despite her demure and prissy look, craves her excitement, a business was born.

## MERLE

(ADMIRINGLY) Well, ain't that something. But now, how come you decided to go into business in a -- well, of all places -- a mortuary?

## DELOREAN

Well, actually, I claim no pride of authorship there. You see, they broke up a ring of call girls some months ago in the New York City Morgue. I read about it in the paper. Then I checked here -- and I saw all these lovely quiet slumber rooms -- half of them empty most of the time -- and I simply decided to do the New York City Morgue one better.

## MERLE

Well, I'll tell you, if you ain't the most enterprising, creative, inventive, stimulating female I've ever seen. I just plain don't know who is.

DELOREAN

Well, isn't that lovely... especially coming from a man who obviously knows so very much about females. I mean, any man who can wear out his bride on his wedding night and then makes his way down to Big Honey, has got to know a whole lot about females. I'll bet it's the women of Fernwood who elected you Mayor.

MERLE

(HUMBLE) Well, a lot of men voted for me, too.

DELOREAN

It's an honor to have you in our establishment, Mr. Mayor. Now -- I really would like to introduce you to one of our young ladies. (CHECKS HER LIST) I think you'd adore Little Cindy. She's got the face of an angel and the figure of --

MERLE

Hold it now, Mrs. Delorean. You're forgetting just one thing. I didn't come here for Cindy. I come here for Big Honey.

DELOREAN

I know. But as you can see, Big Honey is a very staid, comparatively fleshy, middle-aged woman. Wouldn't you rather --

MERLE

No. (TURNS ON ALL THE CHARM) You see... there's nothing I know in all this world that would turn me off a rather staid, comparatively fleshy, middle-aged woman.

DELOREAN

You mean...?

MERLE

I mean.

MRS. DELOREAN NEVER TAKES HER EYES OFF MERLE AS SHE PICKS UP THE PHONE. TALKING INTO IT, SHE ASSUMES THE BIG HONEY ATTITUDE.

DELOREAN/BIG HONEY

Mac? A Gypsy out of Detroit should be gunning in here any minute. Send him to Lana. As for me, I don't want to be bothered for the next forty minutes. (STARTS TO HANG UP, THEN ADDS ONE MORE LINE) Oh. And keep everyone the hell away from Slumber Room 'C'! (HANGS UP, LOOKS BACK AT MERLE, PUTS HER GLASSES BACK ON, AND RESUMES HER PRISSY VOICE.) Now, if you will follow me, Mr. Jeeter. (SHE STARTS FOR A DOOR. MERLE FOLLOWS, SMILING BROADLY)

FADE OUT.



ACT THREEBACK ROOM OF MORTUARY - A LITTLE LATER

MERLE AND MRS. DELOREAN ARE ON  
THEIR WAY OUT OF THE ROOM.

MERLE

I'm glad I'm a man that's open to new  
experiences 'cause this is one experience  
I'll never forget.

MRS. DELOREAN

I must say, it's a lovely way to spend an  
evening. And, by the way, your Honor,  
this was on the house.

MERLE

Well, I do have to be careful in my  
situation. I'd hate to be accused of  
graft.

MRS. DELOREAN

Why not consider it a free sample?

MERLE

Mrs. D., you're quite a woman. If I was  
to rate you from one to ten, I'd give you  
an eleven.

MRS. DELOREAN

Why, thank you and don't be a stranger  
around here, the door is always open.



MERLE

Yes, Sir, quite a woman.

AS THEY ARRIVE AT THE FRONT  
DESK, MARY, TOM AND H.V. ENTER.

JOHNSON

Mr. Mayor, are you alright?

MERLE

Detective Johnson?... I was just on my  
way to call you. I have cracked the  
loathesome Fernwood prostitution ring.

Hi, Tom, Mary. What are you doing here?

MARY

We came to get a crack at the prosties too. \*

I guess you beat us to it.

MERLE

I sure did.

MARY

So should we all go for a bite to eat now? \*

TOM

Did you find her?

MERLE

Who?

JOHNSON

Mr. Hartman is refering to the ringleader  
of this heinous operation.

MERLE

You mean Big Honey?



TOM

Then it was Big Honey?

MERLE

Afraid so. Yes, I found her.

MARY

Is she here? Now?



JOHNSON

Rev 11/30

Which one is she? \*

MARY

(SOFT)..... is she beautiful? \*

MERLE

My bible says, let him who is without sin  
cast the first stone. So I'm just naturally  
real hesitant to point the accusing finger.

MARY

Oh Merle, that is so nice of you.. \*

JOHNSON

(INTERRUPTS) But you have your duty to do... as  
mayor of Fernwood. \*

TOM

But Mayor, your office may be at stake here. ✱

MRS. DELOREAN

His office? Goodness, we can't have Fernwood  
lose him now. ✱

MERLE

Mrs. Delorean's right. I've got to place the city ✱  
above my own self-interest (BEAT) I think the hand  
of God is guiding my own hand (HIS HAND POINTS) that  
lady, Mrs. Delorean, is Big Honey.

MARY/TOM/JOHNSON

(ALL STARING RIGHT AT HER) Where?



MERLE

Right there.

MARY / TOM / JOHNSON

Oh no! / I don't believe it./ What!

MRS. DELOREAN

Hello, Mary. Howard. Mr. Hartman.



MARY

A librarian turned madam. I am  
truly staggered.

\*

ALL REACT. GRANDPA ENTERS.

GRANDPA

What's going on? Did they find George's  
body?

MARY

Grandpa! What are you doing here?... (DISTRAUGHT)  
I knew it... I just knew it... he did something  
bad again.

\*

GRANDPA

I work here, remember!

TOM

Mrs. Delorean is Big Honey... that's so hard for  
me to swallow.

\*

MARY

Mrs. Delorean ... would you prefer for us to...  
uh... call you Big Honey from now on. It would  
simplify a lot...

\*

HAROLD CLEMENS ENTERS.

CLEMENS

Clemens - Courier. What's the scoop?

\*



MERLE

(FOR THE PRESS) Alright, Detective Johnson  
... book her. (FEIGNED SURPRISE) Oh, is  
that a newspaperman?

\*

CLEMENS NODS YES WILDLY.

\*

MARY

(TO MRS. DELOREAN) I don't mind telling  
you, I'm plenty surprised...How would just  
"Biggy" be?

\*

MAC

(QUICK) I knew it all the time.

\*

MRS. DELOREAN

Mary, a woman can't get by just reading  
Black Beauty during the Children's Hour  
at the library.

CLEMENS

How about giving me the story, Mr. Mayor.

\*

MERLE

Certainly, Mr. Clemens.

MRS. DELOREAN

I think you'll like my story better.

MARY

I would have to agree with Mrs... uh ...  
Biggy Delorean here. You don't spend  
years being a librarian for nothing.

\*



MRS. DELOREAN

(TO CLEMENS) I'll admit to being Big Honey...

MERLE

Mrs. Delorean, as your Mayor it is my duty \*  
to state that you don't have to say a word  
until you talk to your lawyer. You don't  
have to say a single word.

MRS. DELOREAN

Thank you, Mister Mayor. But I do confess. However, \*  
I only had one customer that I took care of  
personally.

MERLE

You have the constitutional right to remain silent. \*

MARY

Grandpa? \*

GRANDPA

Thanks, Mary. I appreciate the thought.

MERLE

...Now, our forefathers -- \*

MRS. DELOREAN

My only customer was Merle Jeeter.

EVERYONE IS SHOCKED AND AD LIBS  
REACTIONS. MERLE FORCES A LAUGH.

CLEMENS

What a story!!



MERLE

It's a funny story.

MARY

Your lust is really uncontrollable, isn't  
it, Merle? ... Oh you poor thing.

\*

MERLE

(STILL LAUGHING) This all has me in stitches.  
Now, I know you got good reason to suspect  
me.

(MORE)



## MERLE (CONT'D)

The good Lord and everyone in Fernwood knows I have a little weakness where the ladies are concerned. But let me ask you one thing. Knowing that I have been fortunate enough to have almost any woman I wanted, can you for one minute believe that I would want a demure, prissy, staid, comparatively fleshy, middle-aged woman?

THEY THINK IT OVER AND OF COURSE,  
MERLE IS RIGHT.

## MARY

You know, Mrs. Delorean, I am finding it so hard to believe you're a liar... \*

## JOHNSON

Leanora, you better come along with me.

## TOM

I still can't believe it.

## CLEMENS

She's a tricky one, isn't she?

## MAC

An oldie but a goodie.

## MRS. DELOREAN

I'd just like to say one more thing. I voted for Merle Jeeter. And, if I had it to do over again, I'd vote for him a second time. Because, Merle Jeeter has all the qualities necessary to make one hell of a politician. Let's go, Howard.



MRS. DELOREAN AND H.V. LEAVE.

CLEMENS

How about a statement, Mayor? \*

MERLE

Certainly. You see, my wife and I were spending our wedding night in the home of our dear friends, Mary and Tom Hartman...

MARY

(SMILING FOR THE CAMERA) Because their paint wasn't dry, yet. But we weren't there. You see, I have always believed that two couples on a wedding night would probably be bad luck... and sometimes even one. \*

FADE OUT



ACT FOURINTERIOR POLICE STATION, LATER SAME NIGHT

MERLE, TOM, H.V., CLETE, MARTHA.  
CLETE IS SETTING UP AN INTERVIEW  
WITH MERLE.

MERLE

(TO CLETE) Let's do it right here...

CLETE

(SETTING UP QUICKLY) Any time you're  
ready, Mister Mayor.

MERLE

I'm always ready to talk to the people.

CLETE BEGINS THE T.V. INTERVIEW.

CLETE

And here we are at the Fernwood P.D., with  
Mayor Jeeter, who has single-handedly  
broken up Fernwood's dreaded prostitution  
ring...

MERLE

Well, not quite single-handedly, Clete.

I wish you'd include mention of the  
magnificent help I received from the boys  
in blue.

MERLE PULLS A VERY WILLING H.V.  
INTO THE T.V. PICTURE WITH HIM AND  
CLETE. EVERYBODY IS VERY HAPPY.

H.V.

Thank you ladies and gentlemen.

MERLE

(INTO CAMERA) So, as your new Mayor,  
I am proud to say --

TOM BREAKS IN.

TOM

(INTERRUPTS) Wait a minute, Merle.  
There's something I don't get. How  
exactly did you find out who Big Honey  
really was?

MERLE

Hows about everybody holding their little  
questions until after the interview?

CLETE

That's okay. We can cut that. (THEN)  
Mr. Mayor, how did you find Big Honey?

MERLE

Excellent question, Clete. Excellent  
question... I posed as a what-do-you-call-  
it? "Trick."



CLETE

A stroke of genius, Mayor Jeeter.

MERLE

Thank you, Clete.

TOM

You mean you... on your wedding night?

MERLE

I posed, Tom... just posed. A little entrapment, that's all.

TOM

What I don't understand is how you happened to be there tonight.

MERLE

Good question, Tom, and brings to mind an idea whose time has come. (TO CLETE AND CAMERA) In order to avoid incidents such as happened tonight, I am appointing Tom Hartman to head up the Mayor's Committee on Community Standards.

TOM

Me? Really?

CLETE

(INTO CAMERA) This is Clete Meizenheimer, Channel Six Action News.

TOM RUSHES OVER TO MARTHA AND  
H.V., IN ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOM.

TOM

(TO MARTHA AND H.V.) Where's Mary?

JOHNSON

She's watching them book Mrs. Delorean.

MARTHA

And I'm watching H.V. do the best police  
work I've ever seen.

H.V. AND MARTHA TRADE LOVING  
LOOKS.

TOM

(TO MARTHA) I'm the new Commissioner of  
Community Standards! Can you believe it?!

TOM RUSHES OFF.

MARTHA

(NOT TAKING HER EYES OFF H.V.) That's  
wonderful, Tom, whatever it is!

JOHNSON

(NOT TAKING HIS EYES OFF MARTHA)  
Congratulations, Mr. Hartman.

FADE OUT.